

THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR



Number Seven :: Summer, 1970 :: .50c the copy

THE 1970 PROGRAM. Now that publication of Clark Ashton Smith's *Other Dimensions* and *Thirty Years of Arkham House* are behind us, we can once again look to an expanding publishing program — if expanding costs will permit. Happily, hospital bills are also behind us, though some minor surgery is slated for this summer. Arkham House expects to be back on a full schedule in 1971, though our Autumn schedule will produce but two books.

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THE HORROR IN THE MUSEUM AND OTHER REVISIONS. H. P. Lovecraft made his precarious living by revising manuscripts of all kinds, since there was no adequate market for his splendid tales of the macabre. Some of these manuscripts belonged to the domain in which he wrote his own work, and in these he took enough interest to, on occasion, completely rewrite them, often subsuming them into the Cthulhu Mythos. This omnibus collection brings together all these "revisions" and in the main belongs solidly in the Lovecraft canon.

Following a brief foreword by August Derleth, the tales are: *Four O'Clock* and *The Invisible Monster*, by Sonia Greene / *The Crawling Chaos* and *The Green Meadow*, by H. P. Lovecraft and Elizabeth Berkeley / *The Horror in the Museum*, *Out of the Eons*, *Winged Death*, and *The Man of Stone*, by Hazel Heald / *The Dairy of Alonzo Typer*, by William Lumley / *The Loved Dead*,

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Deaf, Dumb and Blind, and *The Ghost-Eater*, by C. M. Eddy, Jr. / *"Til' All the Seas"*, by R. H. Barlow / *The Curse of Yig*, *Medusa's Coil*, and *The Mound*, by Zealia Brown-Reed (Bishop) / *The Horror in the Burying Ground*, by Hazel Heald / *The Last Test* and *The Electric Executioner*, by Adolph de Castro / *Two Black Bottles*, by W. B. Talman — one of the stories being a short novel. Publication will be in November, 1970, at \$7.50 the copy.

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DEMONS AND DINOSAURS. L. Sprague de Camp, well known for such popular books as *Lest Darkness Fall*, *Rogue Queen*, *The Incomplete Enchanter*, *An Elephant for Aristotle*, *The Great Monkey Trial*, and many others, began to write verse 15 years ago. This is his first collection of poetry, which contains, among other, *The Gods*, *Nabonidus*, *Creation*, *A Skald's Lament*, and *Heldendammerung*. Mr. de Camp describes his verse as "pretty good nineteenth-century doggerel." Publication is planned for October, 1970, at \$4.00.

† † †

SELECTED LETTERS III. The third volume of Lovecraft letters is down for publication in Spring, 1971. The letters range from mid-1929 to the end of 1932 — if, that is, the cost of production does not exceed our expectations. The price as in the case of its predecessors, is \$7.50.

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BRIAN LUMLEY'S FIRST BOOK. We are publishing the initial collection of tales by Brian Lumley — the other British Lovecraftian, following J. Ramsey Campbell — in the Spring, 1971. Its contents include *De Marigny's Clock* / *The Writer in the Garret* / *In the Vaults Beneath* / *The Pearl* / *The Caller of the Black* / *The Cyprus Shell* / *Statement of Dr. Henry Worthy* / *A Thing about Cars* / *Billy's Oak* / *The Mirror of Nitocris* / *The Thing from the Blast-ed Heath* / *Dylath-Lean* / *Ambler's Inspiration* / *An Item of Supporting Evidence*. Price, \$5.00.

† † †

MORE OF WALDEN WEST. Those Arkham House patrons who bought and enjoyed August Derleth's *Walden West*, may be interested to know that its sequel, *Return to Walden West*, will be published under the Candlelight Press imprint in October, at \$6.00 the copy.

† † †

OTHER COMING BOOKS. Also down for 1971 publication are these books — *Selected Poems*, by Clark Ashton Smith (after a delay of a quarter of a century!), *The Rim of the Unknown*, by Frank Belknap Long, a third edition of Lovecraft's *The Dunwich Horror and Others*, *The Chronicles of Solar Pons*, by August Derleth, *Songs and Sonnets Atlantean*, by Donald Fryer, and *Demons by Daylight*, by J. Ramsey Campbell.

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MARSH MOMENT

A white wedge of mist
 swung over the salt flats,
 far off
 I heard a fluidity of sea;
 a black vulture
 flapped out of the fog,
 his carrion talons
 clutched a thrust of twisted tree:
 as I moved away,
 over a thin track through the marsh,
 I felt his red eye
 on me, on me.

—Joseph Payne Brennan

† † †

GARY MYERS. Young Lovecraftians continue to try their hands at pastiche. Few are successful, understandably. John Ramsey Campbell and Brian Lumley managed it, and now Gary Myers makes his bow with a first story in the Lovecraft tradition, one rooted rather in the early fan-

tasies in style than in the Cthulhu Mythos. He is a Californian, and an art major. He is in his eighteenth year. "I have not done much writing," he says, "and *The House of the Worm* is the only story I have bothered to keep."

THE HOUSE OF THE WORM

by Gary Myers

IT WAS in the lands of dream, beyond the seventy steps and the cavern of flame where dwell the bearded priests of Nasht and Kaman-Thah, past the seven hundred steps and the Gate of Deeper Slumber, that I first looked upon the House of the Worm. Many times I had crossed these portals that only sleepers know; many times I strode Ulthar's bright ways, and feasted amid the gay splendours of Celephais in the valley of Ooth Nargai beyond the Tanarian Hills, and once, while held in the throes of nightmare, I glimpsed from afar the grim onyx walls of Kadath in the Cold Waste. I dreamed, and for me the world of dream was more real than that existence which fools call reality, and more precious to me than life. But I have seen the House of the Worm, and know that I dare not sleep again. . . .

† † †

The house lies in ruin. Time and the elements have used it cruelly, and now have left it to perish dismally. It is alone now. In its great halls where once music played is only silence, and the tittering of rats; nothing else will live there. The walls are crumbling, effaced by leprous white fungi and scaley lichens; the dust of years lies thick upon the rotting floors. Its windows, once lit with a thousand twinkling lights, are dark and boarded, all save two, and these are lightless as the sockets in a yellowed skull.

The house is dead. But for a single moment at day's end when the last ray of a dying sun touches on these two lozenge windows, it seems to live again. In that last light it

becomes conscious, it stares into the night with eyes that shine red strangely long after the sun has passed, and perhaps dreams. Of what should a house dream? Of the past, maybe, of the time, now so very long ago, when it was young, when colorful pageants of men and women passed like players on a stage, and lived their lives as lives should be lived, and died? Perhaps, but now only the rats live here, and such memories are but the frail ghosts of forgotten years, beyond recall. Indeed, they never happened.

The house dreams of older things. For the house is old, far older than the mouldering timbers and fallen masonry, the silence and the dank mildew. These are old indeed, but they are built on foundations whose age no man monoliths of black stone, graven with maddening symbols works of the Great Ones of Kadath maybe — those five monoliths of blackk stone, graven with maddening symbols and curious runes, set in the earth as on the five points of a star — but they were ancient while Kadath lay yet unquarried, ancient ere man first crawled from the slime of abyssmal seas, ancient even in that unutterable time when the wise Old Ones guessed vainly at their origins. Their antiquity was only dim legend, and doubted as legends are, when the timber and the masonry were first raised by that old man of whom no one likes to speak.

Now there are many tales told of that old man and his queer ways, for the most part having little truth to them; facts seem to alter with the passing of time, when no one remembers the truth, and but one man now lives who attended that last banquet in the House of the Worm, and he is mad.

They say that he was not old when first he looked upon the five pillars in their formation on the great hill overlooking Vornai in the plain of Kaar. He, who held more contempt for the legends than fear, had gone there alone that day to scoff at the daemons said to dwell within the ring. He went in the daylight — even his skepticism

would not let him dare this thing at night — and would have been back long before dusk. But the spell of the place caught him, or a morbid fascination for the way the monoliths' shadows curiously distorted all that lay beneath them, and how these shadows did not change with the sun, but pointed eternally away from red Betelgeuse in the starry sky at night. Or perhaps he guessed the meaning of certain cryptic signs etched on the rock, or only stood too long in their presence. He did not return at dusk or even that night. Rather he came with the morning breeze when eastern skies were crimson, speaking to no one. He came as one bowed beneath the weight of years, and the people wondered to see his raven locks turned white, and wondered more at the odd light that shone in his eyes, a light that would never leave him. They wondered, and only whispered, "The daemons." He went slowly up to his cottage, and was not seen again for a week and a day.

The time passed quickly for the people of Vornai, and with it much of the amazement brought by the return of him of whom no one likes to speak. But on the eve of the ninth day a great and nameless Fear stalked in the shadowy lanes of the city, entwining the spires and minarets of the palaces and temples in its mesh of horror, sending forth icy tendrils to snare the minds and hearts of the unwary. The ground beneath them muttered queerly, while unguessed evils rode the wind. And inside none dared sleep, for sleep brought dreams like three-fold nightmare; they crouched trembling in the dark behind locked doors, while outside taloned *things* scratched at shutters and laughed, and eldritch lights flashed from the crest of the hill where the pillars stood, with none to see save that old man.

And in the morning he took up residence in that house which was now somehow standing between the pillars, but had not been there the night before.

This they were willing to tell me in the city when I came to the plain of Kaar, where all men fear Its shadow. It was of that *other* matter that they were reluctant to speak. For though almost half a century old, these events

are still all too fresh in their minds, and such is the horror of the memory that at the merest mention of this thing they seal their lips, and go to count their beads and mutter prayers to curious pot-bellied golden gods. And this is strange, for only three were there at that last banquet in the House of the Worm, and of these but one now lives. They told me of him in the city when they saw that I was determined to have the tale, and told me also that he was quite mad.

This greybeard, they said, had become a hermit, and had secreted his dwelling on the hill where the trees are thick and do not behave as trees, and now he spoke no more to men, but worshipped a curious fetish at night when red Betelgeuse is obscured by clouds. But I found his dwelling by day when Betelgeuse cannot be seen, and he that spoke not to men was at last persuaded to speak (with the aid of a skin of the heady red wine of Sarrub, whose like is nowhere in the world), and then and there he told me his tale.

It was in the hundredth year of his residence at the great house betwixt the pillars that that old man of whom no one likes to speak gave the first of his famous banquets. Before this time he had kept much to himself and within his house, and his only dealings with the city at the foot of the hill were for provisions, for which he paid with antique gold coins of no known kingdom. But now, whether because he desired company or for some darker purpose, invitations to dine that evening at the great house betwixt the pillars were discovered tacked to the door of every house in the city, and none could say how they came there.

And the news swept the streets like the wind-devils of the southern desolation. Nothing like it had ever happened before. What evil would come of it? What could it mean? Crowds gathered in the public places, swarmed into the streets, all shouting, all demanding, *what could it mean?* It is a trick, some said, and any who go will be set upon by the ogres popularly believed to serve the old man, and eaten

for dinner instead of dining themselves. But many of the younger men were not so sure. Who, they asked, has ever seen these ogres, and who can say that the old man eats human flesh? He is a vampire, said the others, who feasts upon the living, and cannot die but will live on forever, but at this the young men laughed, for though it was uncommon for a man to live a hundred years it was by no means supernatural. "We will go," said they, and the others only shook their heads and looked sadly after them.

But in the evening as they trudged in file up to where the great house broods, all twenty of them doubted the wisdom of their choice. It was true that they did not believe the stories told of that strange old man and his queer ways, but they had heard the stories since infancy, and their hearts believed. Yet they did not turn back. And soon the night songs of the insects grew strange in their ears, and they did not like the way Betelgeuse peered down at them from the heavens. And when at last the house came into view, their fears grew worse, for all the twinkling lights that burned in its many windows could not dispel the queer-ness in the shadows cast by those five pillars sticking out of the earth like the blackened finger-bones of a corpse in an ill-made grave. One man even fancied he saw a daemon squatting atop the nearest of these, and swore that it had no face where its face should have been, and still they went on, and at the last stood before the house.

The great front door seemed as the very portal of Hell to the twenty, and though the colour and grain of the wood was subtly wrong, and the little carvings seemed to twitch in the uncertain light, one man rapped the heavy knocker thrice, not more, and they waited for the door to open. And though they could not even remember coming in they found themselves being ushered by a slant-eyed dwarf through a great pentagon-shaped hall where an oak fire burned green in the heavy gloom, into the presence of that old man of whom no one likes to speak, but of whom so many tales are told. And there they dined on a pentagon-

shaped table from plates and goblets of fine gold, all etched with the sign of the five-pointed star; and the purple hangings were worked with that same sign in golden thread, and it was woven into the deep rugs, and carved on the furnishings, and on the threshold of the door and the sills of the windows were set five-pointed stars of a curious grey stone. They dined, and heard their strange host speak, and returned in silence to the city.

And so this curious ritual went on for many months, without change — but fewer and fewer returned each time. Those who did not return had been frightened by that odd light which shone in the old man's eyes, and by the things he said while in drink, for when the wine cups had been filled for the third time with a vintage surpassing even the heady red wine of Sarrub, but is not of the world, and the green fire burned low, he would speak of things that no sane man guesses. He told of the winged messengers from Outside, who fly through the ether even to the nethermost abysses of space, where violet gases sing hymns in praise of mindless gods; of what they carry from black Yuggoth in the crystal gulfs, and what they take back for a nameless purpose. He revealed the secrets that the night-gaunts whisper to those luckless ones they snatch from the peaks of Thok, to drive them mad, and the aspect of a Dhol, and the meaning of certain rites performed in worship of the goddess Nsekmbl, whose splendour has shattered worlds, and the blasphemous Word that toppled the thrones of the Serpent-priests. He traced the sign of Koth on the table, and told of things written in the forbidden *Pnakotic Manuscripts* which if written here would damn the writer. Men who left that house left weeping or mad, left never to return. All save the three, the more brave or perhaps the more foolish, who came to the great house betwixt the pillars on that last night.

On that night, while the three guests ate in silence from golden plates, and the green coals on the hearth glowed fitfully, and the wine that surpasses even Sarrub had

gone round for the third time, the eerie light in that old man's eyes seemed to dim, and he roused himself from his stupor and spoke again his eldritch lore. His voice quavered, and his gnarled hands were trembling as he called their attention to the symbol of the star everywhere emblazoned in that gloomy hall. He told how it was all part of a vast cosmic plan, this house and its five pillars set in the earth as on the five points of a star, the star that is the sign and seal of the Elder Gods. He spoke then of the Elder Gods, and of the Great Old Ones whose spawn lurk in dark and lonely places of a thousand shadowed worlds. The Great Ones of unknown Kadath are their servants, the terrible Other Gods bow down before them, they own no ruler save the daemon sultan Azathoth, whose name no lip dares speak aloud, whose soul and messenger is Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos. These and their kindred had dared to challenge the omnipotence of the Elder Gods at the dawn of time, battling with weapons that smashed whole universes to a scintillating powder of ruined stars, warring through unguessed ages, until the rebellion was shattered and the Great Old Ones banished to the outer dark. Now they lay entombed on a million worlds, held fast by the seal of the Elder Gods, forever, yet not so. For there would come a time when the Elder Gods who dwell in cold Betelgeuse would sleep and forget their watch. And when this came to pass there would come those who would break the seals and the spells, and their evil would devour the worlds. All light and order would be eternally snuffed out, dark and chaos would engulf all things. And the pillars marked the seal of the Elder Gods, and the old man was the Guardian of the Seal!

Suddenly he paused in his narrative. The silence that followed was oppressive, it seemed to suck the breath away, yet that old man with the glittering eyes seemed to be *listening* for something. The others heard nothing, but in the single taper's light they saw that the old man was afraid. Then, wavering up from one of the many cellers

beneath them, they heard it, a mad piping, faint at first, but growing louder and wilder as the minutes passed, invoking strange mental images of amorphous flute-players and shapeless daemons howling obscenely in pits of groping night. The guests thought of Azathoth, the daemon sultan, who gibbers mindlessly on his throne at the center of the Ultimate Chaos, and something of the terror of their host was made clear to them; they shuddered. Then the old man rose to face them, and taking a great candle from the table whispered only, "Come," and turned into a dark arch worked with carvings of hybrid monsters and stars, and vanished beneath it. And because the three had had much wine, or because of some power in that one word uttered by their host, they followed him beneath the beckoning arch.

For what seemed an age they followed into the regions of Stygian dark, into the cellers and sub-cellars and still deeper. There were shallow stone steps leading down, and arches too low for the passage of men. Baleful-eyed rats watched them avidly. Deeper they went, ever deeper, and ever they heard that hellish piping rising up from the deeps, and ever the old man's light bobbed on before them. They passed many corridors on their journey, above whose entrances were set signs that hinted of things even the Elder Gods have forgotten. These lightless halls were intriguing, until in the end of one they saw the distant stars, and a dread chuckle was wafted on a frozen wind to where they stood. They looked in no more corridors. And at the last they came to a fork in the narrow way, and chose the left, and hurried past a hoary altar in a circle of standing stones, and came thence upon a vast, limitless cavern, driving the frightened shadows before them as they came. But here the old man's light failed, and the shadows left their hiding places to resume their guard and conceal anew their age-old secrets, yet all was not dark. For there was a well in that chamber, a well so great that its far side was lost to all sight, and from its gaping maw a hazy light poured. Here was the source of the piping.

The old man walked to the very edge of the pit, and dared look into its depths. The lights played eerily across his hawk-like face, showing so well each ghastly expression that lived there. And as the three guests moved closer, he croaked in a whisper barely audible above the daemoniacal flutes that *this* is the tomb where seethes and bubbles the unutterable *thing*, the evil he must forever watch over, and keep the seal of the Elder Gods inviolate for all of time. He would not fail his trust, lest the very curse of Nodens come down upon his head; he would not fail, though the spawn of the Great Old Ones, and the children of Azathoth, rise from the pits of the nethermost hells — as indeed they *were* risen! Had he not heard their great sloshing footsteps in the bowels of the earth? Had he not felt the breath of their wings, and sensed their unseen presence? They seek to open the Way for this abomination's return, just as others on a million million worlds would open to their Masters on the day of their awakening. Let them come! They can do nothing, not while he, the Jailer, the Guardian of the Seal, yet lived, not ever! He was screaming now, and his eyes blazed with an unholy light. And before anyone even realized what was happening, something slithered up from the abyss like a river of burning pitch and swept that old man into the pit.

Here my greybeard's tale was ended, not because there was no more to tell, but rather because the hermit's capacity was not great, and he had drunk much of the wine of Sarrub, whose like is not in the world. I left him snoring loudly beneath the sky at evening, and set forth to find the House of the Worm.

It is not wise to trust in the lore of madmen, and such was he who worshipped a curious fetish by night despite Betelgeuse and its gods, but I had seen the mark of the Other Gods on the peak of Hatheg-Kla, and glimpsed from afar the grim onyx walls of Kadath in the Cold Waste where no man treads, and read the dreaded name of Azathoth in the forbidden *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, and I guessed what strange powers might lurk beneath the house, held

only by the five black monoliths that were the seal of the Elder Gods. But the hermit's tale had left the seeds of a monstrous doubt in my mind. I must see the house for myself.

Night drew on apace, and the stars were already out when I first saw the house and saw the ruddy glow, like eyes, in the windows of its ruined face. It had a sinister look, but no faceless daemons were perched atop the black pillars, the insects were silent, and the shadows were much the same as any other shadows. Only cold Betelgeuse in the heavens seemed changed, and it seemed more feeble than watchful or malevolent. My fears were groundless, then.

And then Betelgeuse winked out, the pillars fell away and from beneath the house —

* * *

Once I dreamed, and for me the world of dream was more real than that existence which fools call reality, and more precious to me than life. Once I dwelt in Celephais and Ulthar, and all the wonders of that world beyond the seven hundred steps and the Gate of Deeper Slumber were mine. But the Gate is shut and to that world I may never return. Those lands are not for man, for the Great Old Ones rule there now, even as they will rule this world, and I know that I dare not sleep again. . . .

† † †

JUDGMENT DAY

I dreamed I watched the wet October wind
whirling its leaves past the skeleton stones;
I conjured up the corps of confined dead,
sealed in their runnelled sockets like a crop.

The moon exploded in a core of flame;
the sun crashed down a flaring sky.
And each torn sack of famished bones

leaped like a spark from the torch of earth.
—Joseph Payne Brennan

† † †

BERTRAND RUSSELL IN HELL

The damned, what are they doing, squatting in flat shards
of fragmented souls? Why, they are beguiling
themselves in eternity: with fresh decks of cards,
pursuit of risk, the ploy of doubt,
with intellectual rape virtuously found out.
But this is what happens to their whiling-
away: regardless how the cards are shuffled,
no matter how the stack is cut,
each sinner draws a perfect hand:
deuce follows ace in colored precision,
exactly as Newton might have planned
dreaming a gambler's paradise.
They sit in an unchancy glut,
every player freed of suspicion.
All games are even, no one wins,
no one loses, nor pennies nor pins.
Even the curses are flat and muffled;
eternity stretches out unruffled.

Yonder the students of Not-very-likely
savor the grisliest privileges
tipping departmental chairs at the edges
of an antiseptic pit
where they cannot help observe, obliquely,
the random monkeys tripping keys
of Remington improbabilities.
And all that ever streaks the carriage
is "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes"
or "Let me not to the marriage
of true minds admit."

Steeped in the central socket of gloom
 lie the refuters of David Hume:
 every logical induction,
 every ethical construction
 proves incalculably twisted;
 every insight of the mind
 in the next instance goes stone-blind.
 Thus for a thousand years have they existed:
 bitterness of consistent error
 teaches them now to build on flaw —
 but then (and nothing could be fairer)
 comes forth a century of law.

Through the murk of my mind, like a feeding fish,
 it is shown: to be damned is to have one's wish,
 to have in abundance, spigot and trough,
 but have no handle to turn it off.
 Here I will laugh: I, Bertrand Russell,
 lying encased in hypnotic shell,
 here by the twitch of sardonic muscle
 I have given birth to possible Hell.

—William D. Barney

† † †

MOONLIGHT

Ambitious of their solitary reign,
 Whose many-pointed brilliance fills the sky,
 The silver moon doth rise in majesty,
 And with her splendor shares the stars' domain.
 Now as she takes her lucent course on high,
 Her light doth shroud all things in mystery
 And subtle glamour. As of realms unknown
 It seems — a radiance from worlds that lie
 Beyond our ken, and glimpsed in dreams alone.
 And in those rays is tender witchery,

Which softly doth erase the scars of day,
 And with a pallid beauty touches all.
 The moon's light is a painter's brush, and she
 An artist skilled who doth the world array
 In silence, with a white, enchanted pall.

—Clark Ashton Smith

† † †

THE SORCERER

"My feet have walked the sands of ancient Mars,
 And I have dug the soil on distant globes
 With spade and shovel, gazing on the stars,
 All decked in regal hopes and purple robes."
 "But what did you discern of Martian towns?"
 I asked; and he replied with smiles and frowns:

"We live for senseless fantasies and dreams,
 A melting polar cap, a vast canal;
 A world made up of sorrows, rain, and streams,
 A desert windstorm, ceaseless on the prowl.

"And when our dreams lie crushed, we think of more —
 A spaceship to the coalsack or beyond,
 A yearning wish to know what passed before,
 A meeting with some stellar vagabond.

"I've seen it all," he said, and in his eyes
 The light was strange, his voice was deep and hard —
 "A planet void of wonder and surprise:
 I left it like a pebble in the yard."

—Wade Wellman

† † †

MISS McWHORTLE'S WEIRD

by Donald A. Wollheim

Miss McWhortle ruffled through the batch of letters that had just been placed on her desk and snarled to herself. It would not have done to have made any open comment, but she was getting sick of the references by her readers to the late Worth Faneman. Faneman had been editor of *Eldritch Tales* for twenty years, but all things must pass, and certainly it was just that, if he couldn't keep the magazine's circulation up, Mr. Delehanty, the new owner, would turn it over to someone more competent. Miss McWhortle had been in the literary business long enough to know how to edit a good magazine. Goodness knows, her work on *New Fiction Magazine* was all right. So there was no justice to the endless complaints of readers.

They represented a nasty little clique of fans, she told herself. Friends of the late ex-editor who were just peeved because he had failed in the long run. Bah! to them — her circulation was going up slowly and that proved she was right.

Nevertheless, it was annoying, there was no getting away from that. There was this clamor for stories by Ashur Clark Brown, that poet in California. How people could stand him, she couldn't begin to imagine. Filled with esoteric references and unabridged-dictionary words, his stories surely could not be comprehensible to the great majority of readers. She knew, from long experience, that magazine readers wanted only light entertainment and would throw away any story they couldn't understand after the third paragraph. And that was the trouble with Brown—and for that matter all the others of Faneman's pets. They took such unbearably long times to get started, they were always long-winded, sometimes they would toil over the most trivial points, and they wrote nasty letters complaining about any editing that had been done.

"Ahem." The sound of a clearing throat brought her back to immediacies. She glanced up. The slightly leering face of her assistant, F. Harold Parks, was in the doorway. In his cultured, rather oily Oxford voice, he said, "Do you wish to see Mr. Zog, Miss McWhortle? He's here."

She frowned slightly. "Yes, I suppose so; send him in." Zog was a very good artist, there was no getting around that. True, he was one of the Faneman coterie but she didn't dare let him go because it was hard to get good weird artists cheap.

Johan Zog entered, and taking out several sheets of drawing paper, laid them on her desk. Johan was tall, fair-haired, rather thin, with the look of an aesthete on his features. He appeared vaguely ill-at-ease and somewhat pained. That galled her too — he and the whole bunch like him always acted as if she were something to be handled at a distance with tongs.

"Here are the drawings for *Screaming Skull*, Miss McWhortle," said Zog in his soft whisper of a voice. Miss McWhortle glanced at them. She wrinkled her brows slightly. He was always trying to slip in nude figures and to draw *art* rather than *illustration*. A bad habit. Usually she tried to break artists of such un-commercial habits, but no amount of suggestion had ever made a dent in Zog's methods. There wasn't much she could do about it.

"Hmmm, I don't like you to feature nudes, Johan," she said, pointing a long finger at an item in the scene. The artist followed her finger and looked apologetic. But he said nothing. He obviously wasn't going to volunteer to take the offending sketch out. And he knew she would not ask him. She had given up that approach long ago.

She picked up the other drawing for the story, looked at it sharply, and said, "I'm afraid this won't do. We are editing that episode out."

Zog drew in his breath sharply. A pained expression crossed his features. "I wouldn't take it out, Miss McWhortle. It's a good section and I'm sure that Mr. Lover-

ing would have disapproved. He never allowed his stories to be edited while he was alive."

"Yes, yes," she snapped. "I know. But he's dead and I think he needed editing. I'm sick of mollycoddling a few readers just to please some writer's personal eccentricity. This magazine needs speeding up and I'm going to do it. That scene must be dispensed with and it's going to be. And I wish you wouldn't give me advice on how to run this magazine."

Johan Zog smiled apologetically, seemed about to say something, but then obviously thought better of it. "You'll do this scene," she said, pointing out a different passage in the manuscript. Zog looked and nodded.

After he had left, Parks came sidling in to look at the drawings. He made a few snide remarks and sidled out.

Two days later, Zog came back with the new illustration. It was all right. Parks himself accepted it. Zog asked Parks if Miss McWhortle was still going to delete that other sequence from the Lovering tale. Parks bestowed a brittle smile on him and said that, after all, they were using Lovering only because he sold. Personally, he added, he didn't care for his writings and wouldn't have used him, nor would have Miss McWhortle. In spite of all that, they were still determined to make the tale at least more literarily bearable.

Miss McWhortle felt very uneasy during the next few weeks. Every time she saw Zog he kept asking her about the matter. Other writers and artists of the old Faneman crowd kept asking about it too. Clearly, Zog had told them all. They were all in a conspiracy against her, she felt. Well, she was going to have her own way. After all, this was her job and none of their business.

Just before the final proofs went back to press, Miss McWhortle was working on the Lovering story when she suddenly glanced up. Standing by her side was a tall thin man in sombre clothes. He looked down at the proof sheets with his thin cadaverous face and appeared to be puzzled.

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6. THE LIBRARY
7. UNIVERSITY SPA



APRIL 1961

KINGSPORT

CHRIST CHURCH CEMETERY

"Who are you?" snapped Miss McWhortle, "and how did you get in here?"

The man ignored her question. "Are you going to leave that story in its mutilated form?" he asked in a low Bostonian voice.

"Yes," she answered sharply. "Why is it your business? Get out of here this instant! Parks!" she called.

"I shouldn't, if I were you," the stranger replied quite unruffled by her agitation. As Parks came in, the stranger turned to leave voluntarily. As he was going out the door with Parks having a firm grip on his arm, he once again repeated, "I shouldn't, if I were you."

When he was gone, Parks came back. Miss McWhortle stormed. "How did that man ever get in here?" she screeched.

Parks looked ill at ease and apologetic, "I don't know. I didn't see him come in at all."

"See that this never happens again!" The very nerve, she thought, the very nerve! I'll bet that good-for-nothing Johan Zog was mixed up in this, she said to herself.

It was about ten minutes later that Parks with a smirk announced the arrival of Zog. The artist came in, rather pale and a bit distressed in appearance. He had come on a regular call to pick up some manuscripts. Miss McWhortle fixed a severe eye on him but said nothing. She handed him the galleys for the next issue.

As Zog turned to leave, he seemed to have suddenly gathered an extra reserve of courage, for he turned around and asked, "You haven't changed your mind about editing that Lovering story, have you?"

Miss McWhortle flared up. She told him that it was none of his business and would he please remember that this was a business office and not a communal circle? Zog seemed properly abashed, but still he doggedly repeated with an unusually earnest ring to his voice:

"I wish you would change your mind just the same. I have a feeling . . ."

"What! You have a feeling!" Miss McWhortle was about to launch into another tirade when a thought struck her. "Did you meet a tall man in a black suit coming out of this office?" she asked.

Zog looked exceedingly uncomfortable. "I only caught a glimpse of someone when I came around the corridor from the elevator, but . . ."

"But what?" prompted the editress. Zog shrugged. "I just wish you wouldn't alter that story," he blurted out and bolted the office like a scared rabbit.

Parks looked at McWhortle and she looked at him and they were both angry. After instructing Parks to let Zog wait a long time in the reception room every time he came thereafter, she turned back to her work in a cold fury.

The proofs went back. The magazine went to press.

Miss McWhortle was at her desk alone turning the pages of an advance copy of the magazine when she heard a slight cough behind her. She turned around.

When Parks entered her office a half hour later to tell her that the pressman had phoned to say that a fire had destroyed the newly completed run, he found her still sitting in her chair, quite dead, staring behind her with a look of frozen horror. Just below her line of vision was a curious pile of dry brown dust.

† † †

ALL HALLOWS' EVE

The goblin moon, half-hidden, half-revealed,
 Leers down through ragged veils of tattered cloud
 (A grinning skull wrapped in a rotting shroud),
 And night lies thick as dust on hill and field.
 A chill, uneasy wind moans in the eaves.
 Against the yellow moon and cloudy wrack
 That veils the autumn stars, trees gauntly black
 Lift groaning limbs long stripped of withered leaves.

A grim, ill-omened night. Within my room.
 Long shadows writhe and waver on the wall.
 One guttering candle struggles in the gloom —
 A gust of wind — the darkness covers all —
 That sound! *Is* it the icy lash of rain —
 Or bony fingers . . . tapping . . . on the pane?
 —Lin Carter

† † †

AN ITEM OF SUPPORTING EVIDENCE

by Brian Lumley

It was the contents of a letter from Chandler Davies, the weird-artist, commenting upon the negative effect which my short story *Yegg-ha's Realm* had had on him, which determined me to invite him round to Blowne House. Not that I grieved to any great extent over Mr. Davies' adverse comments — you can never please everyone — but I definitely disagreed with his expounded argument. He had had it that Mythological-Fantasy was 'out'; that the Cthulhu Mythos' fabled lands and creatures and Cimmeria's scintillating citadels and dark demons should have been allowed to die a sad but certain death along with their respective originators, and that constant culling from those tales — the brain children of my own, not to mention many another author's, literary progenitors — was weakening the impact of the original works. Nor, apparently, had my story — admittedly a Lovecraftian piece; set during the time of Rome's rule over England and involving the worship of an "outside God" — irritated him in this respect alone. What seemed to have annoyed Mr. Davies especially was the fact that I had portrayed "so thoroughly unbelievable a God" as existing in such a well known period of England's history that even an average student of our country's antiquities could hardly miss the obvious impossibility of my tale.

I was pleased that Mr. Davies had written directly to me and not to the letters section of *Grotesque*, in which magazine my tale had originally appeared, for then I would have been forced to take retaliatory measures which would undoubtedly have caused great tidal-waves of unwanted activity on many a scientific beach. Obviously the artist was not aware that all my stories have at least a tenuous basis in established fact, some more definitely than others, and that I have never chronicled anything which I believe could not possibly have happened or which has not, in some way or other, directly involved myself.

Anyway, Mr. Davies accepted my invitation and braved the curious aura of foreboding which surrounds Blowne House to visit me one Sunday afternoon some weeks ago. It was the first time he had ever set foot inside my abode and I noted with satisfaction the way in which his eyes roved enviously over the contents of my amply stocked book-shelves.

Briefly fingering the spine of an original copy of Geoffrey's *People of the Monolith*, he remarked upon my extreme good fortune at owning so many scarce volumes and read off some of their titles as he scanned them. His short monologue included Feery's *Original Notes on the Necronomicon*, the abhorrent *Cthaat Aquadingen*, a literally priceless *Cultes des Goules* and many other similarly outre' works including such anthropological source books as *The Golden Bough* and Miss Murray's *Witch Cult*. I made a point of bringing to his attention the fact that I also owned a translated copy of Lollius Urbicus' little known *Frontier Garrison*, circa AD 138, and took the book down from its shelf before pouring my guest a welcoming brandy.

"I take it that that book contains the item of supporting evidence which you mentioned in your letter, Mr. Crow? That being the case I think it's only fair to warn you from the beginning that I can't put much stock in anything Urbicus says; though I'll admit that his description

of the temple to Mithras at Barrburgh was pretty accurate."

Appreciating the way in which my obviously erudite critic was shaping up, I countered his exploratory thrust by smiling and telling him: "No, the book merely contains a few additional fragments of interest in connection with my actual *evidence* — which is of an entirely different nature."

"I don't want you to get me wrong, Mr. Crow," he answered, taking out a cigarette and settling himself more comfortably in his chair in preparation for the more strenuous battle to come, "as an entertainment your story was very good — excellent — and any casual reader of such tales must have surely experienced a definite shudder at some of the 'shock' paragraphs which you so successfully employed; but to have set the thing in a period of which we're so historically and archeologically 'sure' — the same period, I note, in which Old Urbicus scribbled his notes for that book of yours — was a mistake the story could well have done without. You see, I'm a collector — a *gourmet* of such tales, you could say — and while I don't wish to be offensive I must admit that blunders like yours irk me considerably . . ." He sipped at his brandy.

While Mr. Davies had been speaking, I had carefully opened *Frontier Garrison* to a previously marked page and as soon as he was done I turned the book around and slid it over the table separating us so that he could read the selected paragraph. Smiling, he did so, though I thought his smile was just a trifle too sarcastic; and sure enough, when he was through, he closed the book with a flourish which indicated complete rejection.

"I have also read Plato on *Atlantis* and Borellus on *er, revivication?* — No, Mr. Crow, Lollius Urbicus' account of the death of Yegg-ha at the swords of a centuria of fear-frenzied Roman soldiers doesn't impress me at all. I'm sorry."

"I rather fancy your dismissal of Plato and Borellus a bit too perfunctory, Mr. Davies! I can only suspect that

your appraisal of their works, to say nothing of the work of Lollius Urbicus, is undertaken with the same attitude of mind with which the Inquisition viewed the work of Galileo Galilei; and, of course, if Sayce hadn't unearthed their remains all over Asia Minor and Northern Syria you'd probably still be denying that the Hittites ever existed!" I smiled.

"*Touche'!*" He said. "But now you're talking, Mr. Crow! *Remains*, you said. Now, that's it *exactly!* After all, remains are proof! But tell me please — what remains are there to show that that abominable invention of Urbicus' ever existed?"

"You think he created Yegg-ha himself then?" I asked. "You believe that the featureless, ten-foot tall monstrosity he mentioned in his notes was purely a figment of his own imagination?"

"Oh, no. I wouldn't be so presumptuous. Urbicus probably got the idea from local legends or fairy tales. Later, rather than write off the ignominious loss of a half-century of soldiers to a barbarian attack, he attributed their annihilation to this giant, faceless God . . ."

"Hmmm — clever," I answered, "but how about the communal grave recently unearthed at Briddock Fort — with forty-eight fantastically mutilated Roman skeletons haphazardly piled one upon the other, some still encased in their armour, as if buried in great haste?"

That shook him a bit. "I'd forgotten that," he admitted. "But for God's sake, man — there must have been thousands of small skirmishes which never got chronicled! You see, that's the whole point, Mr. Crow; you talk about these things in exactly the same way in which you wrote about them in that damned story of yours — as though you believe in them conclusively! As though you actually believe that a great, murderous, lunatic thing was called up from hell by the barbarians to do battle with the Romans! As though you have definite proof — which you haven't. No, you shouldn't have done your story as an historical doc-

ument at all. God only knows how many poor, deluded little lore-swallowers you'll have galloping all over Brid-dock and Housesteads, awesomely trembling at the thought that they're perhaps treading the same ground upon which the Romans did fearsome battle with the hideous Yeggha!"

While he sat there fuming I poured more brandy into his glass and grinned at him. "Well, I've obviously made a literary enemy! I'm sorry about that because it was my intention to ask you to illustrate my next book. But anyway, tell me — have you ever seen that horrible, ten-foot chunk of granite statuary in the Roman Antiquities section of the British Museum?"

"Yes I have; from Limestone Bank, I believe. A stubby-winged thing much similar to the God in your story, with defaced features and . . ." He checked himself. "Just what are you getting at?"

"Try to think, Mr. Davies — didn't you find it funny that the *features* of that statue were so cleverly, so *smoothly*, er, defaced? Why! If one looks at it at all closely it almost appears as though *it wasn't intended to have any features . . .*"

He choked over his brandy. I reached for his glass and filled it again as he sputtered and coughed, dabbing at his lips with a handkerchief, getting himself under control.

"There you go again! Of all the prepos —"

"I've been unfair, Mr. Davies." I shut him off. "I've kept you in suspense too long and you're losing your patience. Drink your brandy . . ."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Drink your brandy," I repeated, "You'll need it." I opened my writing cabinet and took out an object cowed unconventionally in a tea-cosy. I balanced it upon the table. Then I pointed to the book in front of my bewildered visitor and said: "Page thirty-four, second paragraph . . ." As Mr. Davies fumblingly, suspiciously found the page and

paragraph I stroked my item of supporting evidence beneath its tea-cosy cover.

Eventually he looked up from the book. "It relates to a walk Urbicus took over the countryside shortly after his men allegedly disposed of your monster. Six of his best men went with him. So what?"

"He was looking for a place to bury something, and needed those men to carry it." I explained. "He wanted it hidden so that the barbarians wouldn't be able to use whatever powers of, er — what was that word you used? — *revivication* they might have possessed upon it."

Mr. Davies opened his mouth to stutter a denial but I cut him off. "You see, I've examined the whole length of Hadrian's Wall in that area, between Housesteads and Briddock, and eventually I found the right spot. I'm quite a little archeologist, you know, but even if I hadn't been Urbicus' description," — I nodded at the book which he had put down, — "as with his description of the temple at Barrburgh, fitted the spot exactly. Surprisingly enough, the countryside hasn't changed all that much in eighteen centuries; all I had to do was look for the place where *I* would have put the body if I'd been Urbicus. It took me five weeks but I did eventually find it."

"What on Earth are you talking —."

I lifted the tea-cosy and passed the football-sized item it concealed over the table for Mr. Davies incredulous inspection.

* * *

I made him promise to keep it to himself; I cannot say I fancy the idea of crowds of boffins disturbing my privacy, and I certainly would never part with that item of supporting evidence. Not only that but he promised to illustrate my next book.

There are many outre' items in Blowne House; a weird, four-handed clock which ticks all out of rhyme, the *Cthaat Aquadingen* with its nameless binding, a crystal-ball

which is so disturbing to look upon that I have to keep it locked away — and many others equally as strange as these. But I am particularly proud of my paperweight — though I will admit it does seem peculiar to put such an odd item to such a use. You see, it's a rather large, *socketless* skull . . .

With wire hooks screwed into them the wings make excellent coat-hangers . . .

† † †

VAPOR FETCH

Vanquished not by Cthulhu's call or mind parasite,
Avid dreamer and adept, by Miskatonic,
Perceives a vague Silver Key where, in mist, a conic
Outline of cryptic forms instills brainy elation;
Rapt in vision primeval, an Alienation

Foments, as evil Ancient Ones encompass a rite . . .
Lost memories idly echo, yet *that* key rapture
Exhilarates not, as dreams refuse to Recapture.
Torn by monstrous fears, like Zann's in shallow Paris,
Covertly he reasons faintly beyond Polaris
His soul forever lost shall once more enwrap a sight . . .
— Walter Shedlofsky

† † †

NOT TO HOLD

From what
do you run,
swift-silver boy,

elusive as sunbeams
on the floor.
We put our hands

right through you!
 You are made of
 light and air

and nothing more.
 You laugh to see us
 hold you in our minds

and you
 materialize for one
 bewildered question,

then your answer
 scatters sun-dust
 through the door.

— Joyce Odam

† † †

NECROLOGY. Seabury Quinn, one of the most popular of the authors who contributed to *Weird Tales*, died on Christmas Eve in a Washington, D. C. hospital. He was 80. One of our patrons has observed that death on Christmas Eve was curiously fitting for the author of *Roads*. Mr. Quinn launched his writing career after reading *Dracula*, when he was studying law in the National Law School in Washington. The first of more than 500 published stories and articles was *Demons of the Night*. He was best-known for his creation of Jules de Grandin, the psychic detective whose best cases are gathered in *The Phantom-Fighter*. He lived for 17 years in New York, as a lecturer in mortuary jurisprudence and editor of a group of mortuary trade papers. From 1950 to 1964 he was an intelligence specialist for the U.S. Air Force and received the Air Force medal for meritorious civilian service.

† † †

ASSOCIATIONAL ITEMS. Robert Bloch (*Pleasant Dreams, The Opener of the Way*) was recently elected president of Mystery Writers of America. Among other officers named were two familiar to the domain of the macabre: Hans Stefan Santesson, regional vice-president for New York, and Sam Moskowitz, a member of the board of directors. . . . Books-on-File last December listed among its wants "Alhazred, A. Necronomicon in Eng." . . . International Bookfinders, Inc., of Beverly Hills not long ago offered for sale a collection of 119 items by H. P. Lovecraft at "the full price of \$4,850 (plus 5% sales tax in California)". The only valuable items in the 119 were *The Shadow over Innsmouth* and *The Outsider and Others*. The asking price is nothing short of fantastic.

The Dunwich Horror on the screen is somewhat less outrageous than one might have supposed from Sandra Dee's publicity talk. Apart from the fact that the role played by her had no place in Lovecraft's tale, Dean Stockwell as Wilbur Whately left a good deal to be desired. The editor felt that here and there in the film something of the mood created by Lovecraft had been achieved, but not on the whole. Madeleine Ingraham, reviewing the film in the *Denver Post* (3-5-70) wrote: "The double irony of the film is that it is based on a book by H. P. Lovecraft, one of the finest mystery-horror writers around, and that it has a GP rating. It doesn't deserve to be associated with the first and it doesn't merit the second." She adds that Sandra Dee's role is mostly "simplistic writhing on the altar while Stockwell occupies himself with glowering menacingly." Ed Begley as Dr. Armitage and Sam Jaffee as Wilbur's grandfather come off a little more convincingly. This "fluff," as Miss Ingraham calls it, "is so involved with special effects and sexual suggestion that it completely ignores the story-line while the only mystery about the piece is how it took three screenwriters to create the mess."

Lovecraft's Follies is a play by James Schevill that played at the Rhode Island School of Design Theatre in

Providence, a play "which takes off from a series of dreams of . . . H. P. Lovecraft," and is described as "an expression of the horrors of nuclear research as contemporary man's own kind of Eldritch gods." *The Christian Science Monitor's* Roderick Nordell describes it as "a sometimes grim, sometimes comic extravaganza." The production was by the Trinity Square Repertory company and ran from March 10 through April 11, 1970.

Dracula has come up again. United Press in January carried a story of the discovery of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian hills, in Hunedoara, Romania — a 15th century castle that "may have been the evil prince's". Prince Vlad Tsepesh lived there in the 15th century, the son of Prince Vlad Dracula, which, according to scholars, means "devil". On March 9, 1970, the *Boston Herald-Traveler* carried a story by Pam Bishop on two Boston College professors — Radu Florescu and Raymond McNally — who have been researching the Dracula legend to the point of writing "a biography, scholarly anthology and documentary film. . . . The two men have formed a film company called Dracula Productions, Inc., and hope television will want to broadcast their film made on location at the castle where Dracula lived. . . . Stoker's detail of the countryside was correct, the Boston College professors said, a fact which helped them locate the actual castle where Dracula lived, 'perched on the summit of a sheer precipice,' as Bram Stoker wrote. . . . 'However weird the subject is, it is serious,' McNally said. 'We're studying it because it tells us something about human beings, human behavior.' "

Charles M. Collins and Donald Grant have formed the Centaur Press, Inc., a new paperback house for the publication of fantasy, science fiction, and high adventure books called the "Time-Lost" series. Their first books are *The Moon of Skulls*, by Robert E. Howard, and *The Pathless Trail*, by Arthur O. Friel.

Arkham House will have soon a new stocklist of books in print. It will be sent to all readers who request it. . . .

Among the most recent Arkham House books to go out of print are Robert E. Howard's *The Dark Man and Others*, H. P. Lovecraft's *Collected Poems*, August Derleth's *The Return of Solar Pons*, and Clark Ashton Smith's *Poems in Prose*. Soon to follow: Lord Dunsany's *The Fourth Book of Jorkens*, William Hope Hodgson's *Carnacki, the Ghost-Finder*, August Derleth's *Reminiscences of Solar Pons*, and L. P. Hartley's *The Travelling Grave and Other Stories*.

From Barton Levi St. Armand of the Department of English at Brown University comes a report (March 22, 1970) of Lovecraftian activity in the city H. P. Lovecraft called home for most of his life — "Our exhibition of Lovecraftiana opened early this month at the Rockefeller Library, and has fast become the most popular display in its history. I am making a catalog of the items for *Books at Brown* and the Lovecraft issue, and will send you a typescript as soon as it is ready. The display will be up all summer long. I will only mention for now that our real 'coup' was finding Brown's own copy of the 'dreaded *Necronomicon*', which now reposes in a case devoted to 'Lovecraft and Providence' and 'Lovecraft and Cats' — miscellaneous memorabilia designed to show the many intriguing facets of H.P.L.'s personality. The display of this rare item, next to Lovecraft's own history of its writing and suppression, has, needless to say, caused puzzlement in some quarters, and consternation and amazement in others. A library guard had been placed in constant watch over this forbidden and extremely dangerous bibliographical offering.

"March 10 also saw the world premiere of James Schevill's *Lovecraft's Follies*, a satirical-fantasy play in which Lovecraft's role as a character is more symbolic than real. H. P. L. is used because Scheville believes that we have to go through his *Weird Tales* world of horror and science-fiction to reach our own twentieth century world of moral and technological ambiguity. The play has been a huge success so far (demand for tickets necessitating Saturday afternoon matinee performances), and is being per-

formed by Providence's own Trinity Square Repertory Company, which has been chosen by ANTA to act in New York this summer.

"As a final spontaneous culmination to Lovecraft activities in Providence, I must report that on March 15, the 33rd anniversary of his death, Keith Waldrop (a fellow colleague on the Brown English faculty, a poet and printer — publisher of the poetry journal *Burning Deck* — whose own book of poetry almost won a National Book Award last year) helped Harry Beckwith of the Rhode Island School of Design and myself to organize a 'Lovecraft Lurk-In'. Our plan was to tour East Side spots mentioned in Lovecraft's fiction, and our surprise was somewhat more than great when anywhere from 150 to 200 people, mostly students, (though the chairman of the Brown English Department, Mark Spilka, was there) showed up to join us, many carrying candles and lighted lanterns — there was even a bass drum to keep march time and wake up all the startled neighbors.

"Thus began a hectic and happily mad tour of Prospect Terrace, the Charles Dexter Ward house, 65 Prospect Street (new site of Lovecraft's College Street residence), the original site of his house behind the John Hay Library, now in the process of being filled by a new art building, and Benefit Street. The finale of the Lurk-In was a reading of Lovecraft's acrostic sonnet on Poe, *In a Sequestered Graveyard* . . . in the very churchyard mentioned in the poem, next to St. John's Cathedral just off Benefit Street, and a moment of silence to honor the author.

"A note of danger was interjected when a nervous guard announced that all 150 Lurkers would be arrested if they did not immediately leave the premises, but no police ever did show up, even though traffic on Benefit Street was stalled for quite a while, since the Lurkers took their natural right of way on that cold, slippery, and frosty moonlit eve. A final reading of one of H. P. L.'s *Fungi from Yugg*

goth was held in the middle of the street, not far from the Shunned House, still standing and shuttered, though appropriately enough, it was shunned by the crowd, which soon scattered to warm up with sandwiches and hot coffee at a near-by restaurant. All in all, a highly successful and appropriate event, and one that I can't help thinking would have delighted H. P. L. himself — especially, the thought of crowds of people scurrying up and down the steep Providence hills, all carrying lighted candles, emitting strange hoots and howls at the 'gibbous moon' overhead.

"The last event of the Lovecraft season will be my talk to the Friends of the Library on April 6th concerning *Lovecraft and Jung*, a comparison of dreams reported by Jung which are amazingly similar to the plot structures of such stories as *The Rats in the Walls*.

"So Lovecraft's reputation seems to be secure, at least in Providence, this year of Our Lord 1970."

† † †

A MAP OF ARKHAM. Gahan Wilson, the well-known artist (fictioneer and critic, too) has been at work on a map of Arkham, Massachusetts for some time. His map is based on the Lovecraft sketch originally published in *Marginalia*, and he has sent for reproduction in the *Collector* the most recent version of that map, with these comments: "I would appreciate any information which would aid in increasing the authenticity and detail work of this map of Arkham. All contributions from authors and/or scholars involved with the Cthulhu Mythos and its history in the region of Arkham would be very gratefully received. Two specific questions raised by Lovecraft's original map are:

"Who is Repas Garrison?

"Who (or what) is French Leach?

"My sincerest thanks in advance to anyone kind enough to help."

Readers may write to Mr. Wilson in care of Arkham House.

† † †

ASSOCIATIONAL ITEMS. Devotees of Sherlock Holmes and Solar Pons will have read of the death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's only surviving son, Adrian, at 59, on June 3, 1970, in Geneva, Switzerland, where he made his home in the 12th Century Chateau de Lucens, a turretted castle not far from Lausanne, which he had converted into a Holmesian museum, even to the extent of recreating the sitting-room Holmes and Watson shared at 221B Baker Street, London. He had devoted his life to perpetuating his father's memory, and upholding the reputation of Sherlock Holmes — as if that reputation needed it! — but, on the distaff side, he had an unfortunate dog-in-the-manger attitude toward what he called the estate's "proprietary rights," resorting to litigation every time he fancied that some writer had "infringed upon" those rights, evidently under the delusion that his father had devised the deductive detective story, fathered in fact by Poe, a preoccupation he carried to such extremes that he was ultimately reprimanded by the courts. (In this connection, Pontine enthusiasts should read *The Adventure of the Dog in the Manger*.) Adrian Conan Doyle was an explorer and sometime author, and himself, with John Dickson Carr, responsible for *The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes*, an attempt to set down some of the unwritten tales of Sherlock Holmes; he was considerably more successful at writing of his adventures as a big game hunter, explorer, and angler, though collectors will want the *Exploits* as well as the authentic tales in the Canon.

Those of us here at Arkham House who recall so vividly how many years it took to sell the 1,268 copies of H. P. Lovecraft's *The Outsider and Others* have long since recognized how far the wheel has turned. The mails brought in this month (June) a special listing of 187 items by or about Lovecraft, from Carl's Bookstore, 945 Broadway, Tacoma, Washington 98402, the catalog itself priced at \$1.00 the copy. In his introduction, Mr. Person writes: "As no one in his right mind would for a moment dream of breaking

up a collection like this, it is presented entire for \$6,450.00 net."

August Derleth recently delivered a new lecture — *H. P. Lovecraft: The Making of a Literary Reputation*. It will appear in print, somewhat revised, in late 1971, in his book of essays, *Literary Papers*.

† † †

TWO PROSE POEMS

by Donald Wandrei

The Lost Moon

Millions of years hence, when oblivion had claimed the old and momentary world of man, there lived upon a strange moon a woman as strange as that abysmal world. For the satellite was lost to the star whence it sprang, and now it spun through the fathomless blacks of night. No ray ever pierced the gloom that overshadowed the moon as it plumbed the stellar deeps. And there was no voice to speak with the woman, for she, and she only, followed the falling world to its unknown destiny out in the cosmic gulfs. She was all of gold, from her hair to her listless feet; and all the curves of her body were heavy with the soft gold whereof her flesh was made. The beings of her race were thus; but they had perished from the desolate moon, and she, the sole survivor of that wondrous land, plunged with her world. Out of the gloom rose many curious relics of that race — vast, fantastic structures, weirdly beautiful palaces and gardens, nameless things that no other moon or world save this had possessed. Yet the woman of gold ignored them all, for she dwelt on a world falling to a mysterious doom, and what avail the relics of the forgotten dead when death is near?

Dreaming of ancient splendor, she lived in a palace that raised symbolic spires to the black sky and its few wan stars. In one room she lived while the moon rushed through spatial abysms; and the room was huge and of a strange

metallic substance that glowed as if the black walls, though dead, could watch; and the air, scented with a curious perfume, seemed to have absorbed the death color out of the incense and out of the ghostly-glowing walls so that the woman lay in the pall, weary of oblivious dreams and impending doom, with only her beautiful and magnificent gold body a visible contrast to the black horror of lightless space.

Many days passed, if days they could be called where only unbroken darkness ruled, and where time had ceased to exist. Yet the rapid plunge of the moon was unhalting though it had long left the regions of even the faint stars and now rushed blindly through black vacua which swallowed it deeper and deeper in a mysterious cosmic grave. For now there were no eyes to follow the moon on its starry far course through alien gulfs. A soft heap of gold lay on the floor of a curious castle. And out of the body of gold, with its roots cleaving the marble of the floor, rose a great, gold orchid, whose stem glowed softly, and whose petals were tipped with jet, and whose pulpy center hung wearily and faintly crimson in the night of utter oblivion.

An Epitaph on Jupiter

"Here lingers the memory of him whose birthplace we know not, whose coming was as great a riddle as his passing. His age, his nature, his life, we cannot tell. This monolith is erected to the unknown who will forever remain a baffling mystery.

"We found him wandering by the dead waters of a tarn. In no part of his being did we recognize that with which we were familiar. His lips were sealed, for he spoke not our tongue, nor we, his. Whence he came is unknown. Why he came is a secret. His manner of coming can never be disclosed for he who alone knew shall speak no more.

"His world was alien, a remote planet in the outer gulfs. He trembled when we came upon him, for even as he

to us were we strange to him. The lethal waters frightened him. The purple vegetation appalled him. He shrank from the cryptic riddles of our world and found only desolation in things he could not comprehend. We were kind to him, but the barrier between us was impenetrable. We gave him sustenance, but he wasted away for lack of what we could not supply.

"His eyes were stricken with the light of what he saw and the memory of what he left. He sought peace in the skies but found no single star he knew. His inward griefs consumed him. He died, madly peering into unfamiliar heavens for the world whence he came.

"His ashes were strewn on the nightward and spaceward flowing winds. Perhaps his dust, drifting we know not whither toward what secret abysses of the universe, will come to that singular region whence he started on his mighty pilgrimage.

"Let no hand contaminate his tomb. He was apart from us, and we from him. His grief is ended, but the riddle lingers on. Forget not, ye who wander here."

